[1]Here is the transcription of “Memories” from Tina Floyd Rosenberger dated 1976

The notes were put into a Shorthand Steno Book and sent to MVW.

Picking berries and putting smut from oat patch (?) and trying to pretend we were negro children!

Aunt Maurine and I

Telephone on line with lots of neighbors, everyone had a different ring but all calls came on same line. Our number was 3111 – I long and 1 short. Some numbers were short, long short – some two short rings. Central was one long ring. Sometimes central would come in on the line and answer “Cochran” and if we were ringing up a neighbor we would say, “ringing on the line”.

School was always welcome. Usually we got our books the first day. Everyone bought books – nothing was free. Children kept the school grounds clean, usually done on Friday afternoon. Paper was not allowed to be thrown on the school grounds. Two firls were assigned to sweep the classroom every day at lunch. We made our won brooms from broom sedge. A schedule of who had to sweep was made up weekly. We made our own blackboard erasers. We had what is now referred to as “greenboards”; the “greenboards” now being the latest thing – indeed!

Each child brough his or her lunch in a basket on a special bucket with a lid. I always had a basket.

We drew our drinking water from a well. Every year the Trustees would neet before school to clean out the well; making sure nothing had been thrown in during summer.

We had a mild form of vandalism even then.

The school rooms were heated by a pot bellied stove. Her again, the Board of Trustees would haul in a supply of wood for winter fuel.

I remember one year when someone hid rifle cartridges in some wood and they exploded in the stove. By the grace of God no one was killed.

School was a happy time. We had plays and spelling bees. I wonder if children nowadays know, or care about spelling bees. Thanksgiving was a holliday and one Thanksgiving was the first snow I ever say fall! Someone always recited “Over The River and Through The Woods” and I never could understand what was meant by “Hurrah for the pumpkin pie” as I had never seen a pumpkin.

We ate sweet potatoe pie, lemon pie, coconut pie, blackberry pie, but no pumpkin!

Christmas at school was always an event! More plays! Every child was given at least one line to recite. I remember once every child participating held a letter of the alaphabet covered in red and green crepe paper. The line recited by the child holding “N” said, “N” is for nut on the christmas Tree, if you don’t want to crack it, hand it to me!” Ever after at Christmas time the above was always recited.

1/item/tina memories.doc

At home we always celebrated “Old Christmas” on the Twelth Night. That is the night when mamma always said the animals knelt to pray. We did not know about Epiphant, but we were told about how animals prayed.

On Christmas Eve we set out show boxes for Santa claus to fill. Never hung a stocking. I guess mamma and papa thought putting things in a box would save a lot of confusion. Ther were always put out in the hall – mine always was placed behing the front door, near where the telephone was. Do you remember the telephone? The one with the crank! The were called “wa;; telephones”. I guess there were other types, but this was the first one I remember. Incidentally, the subscribers had to maintain the line themselves.

After a storm the lines always had to be repaired. How they located the trouble was unique. The would ring the nearest one to town and if he answered they knew the trouble was between his house and town! Smart cookies!

Get a load of this – sometimes the batteries would get too weak to ring all the way to town. What you would do would be to ring a neighbor and ask him to assist you in ringing – more power!

When someone became ill Mamma and Popa would always assist in whatever way they could. If the person required around the clock nursinf and medication they would take their “Turn” of sitting up. If it were summer time they would sit by the bed and with a large palmetto fan, fan the sick one for hours. Returning home to do their own chores the next day. If the sick person were a man the neighbors met and tended his crops and fed his livestock until he recovered.

Mamma regularly sewed for three orphan girls to keep them in school clothes.

Making quilts
Making batting
Picking geese!
Making soap
Making lye hominy
Hemstitching
Oats
Peanuts
Melon

There were three things which were not allowed on the farn: goats, bermuda grass and Kudzu vine. Goats because they were so smelly and could climb fences and also could force their heads in fence cracks and get hung up by the horns. Bermuda grass because every farmer hates grass and fights it all the time. Kudzu vines are gorgeous, but so prolific you can almost see them grow! Whe they move in the take over.

Grandpa used to rive boards 9shingles0 under a great red oak tree which, if it were standing , would be about where Uncle Herschel’s mailbox is now located. Such shingles are now very fashionable and much desired and have the fancy name of shakes. He used them to cover the well, barnes and everything except the house. The house had a metal roof for safety reasons. (account of sparks from the chimneys). Imagine my great horror when I went home to find the big red oak gone – demolished (in the name of progress – road paving! I could have cried. It was so useless and could have easily bee spared. I think it did have some dead limbs, but wo what. I have never gotten over the lose. He used a round two-foot length of

dried pine – the whole thing – then with a froe and mallet he proceeded to split the tree trunk into about ¾ inch boards (shakes). We children, of course, stood around and watched, and stacked the shakes in neat piles for him. The old well still has his handmade shakes, so does the old kitchen and chicken house. What luxury on today's market.

Long ago, candy, like gumdrops, bon bon, etc., came in large wooden buckets. There buckets were almost as large as wash tubs and about ½ again as deep. Papa always had one at the well. We always called it the "mule bucket" as that was what he "toted" water to the barn lot to pour water in the trough for the livestock, including the mules. They (the buckets) were always kept full of water, because they were made of wood, to keep them from collapsing from being dried out. How tempting, on a hot summer day for a barefoot child! We were strickly forbidden to "play in the mule buckets". One hot August (or July) day, I could not resist temptation. Papa was in the fields, no one, I thought, would see me, so I sat on the side and swung my feet into the cold clean, water up to my knees. I was caught in the act by Uncle Archie, Papa's only brother. He told me to "get out of the mule bucket". I promptly told him **He was not my daddy!** He told papa that I was 'sassy" to him. Who could deny it. The end result was, the end was paddled, but good. I never forgot it!

January 4, 1977 Happy New Year!

What will it bring? Thank God, we do not posess total foresight.

Lately I have been hearing footballs referred to as "hog bladders". Do you suppose that is what they were originally made of ? When I was a child we did not have ballons. Would you believe we, washed, rinsed and blew up hog bladders for ballons! At "hog killing" time we children, (those who wanted one) were given a bladder. We stuck a small piece of reed which was hollow, into the bladder and blew it up, tied it with a string and let it dry for about a day or so, and then inserted small stones (rocks) to make them rattle. Hog killing time in when I learned that smoke from an outdoor fire "followed pretty girls" as it was always blowing in our faces.

Since writing the above about the "mule bucket" I have discovered a pircture of Herschel and Albert, God Rest his Sour, which shows the well before the shake roof, with the mule bucket.beside it – small world, isn't it.

Bu the way "hopping John" was never , that I know of, served at our house for New Years. I do recall hog jowl and peas. Now I know why christmas lasted until New Years and everyone was gorged on rich food and craved something simple.